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IN MEMORIAM--ULYSSES S. GRANT

Taken from the San Francisco
Municipal Report, 1884-1885

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REFERENCE

In Memoriam—Ulysses S. Grant.

The sad but not unexpected announcement of the death of General Ulysses S. Grant at Mt. McGregor, New York State, was received in this city on the morning of July 23, 1885.

At a special meeting of the Board of Supervisors, on the above date, His Honor Washington Bartlett addressed the Board as to the object of the meeting as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have called you together for the purpose of taking some appropriate action in view of the death of the distinguished soldier and patriot, General Grant. This event has cast a shadow of sorrow over the people of all sections of our country and nowhere will his death be more sincerely mourned than in San Francisco. As the legislative body of the city, it is meet that you should give expression to the universal sentiment that pervades the community, and place upon record appropriate action."

The Board thereupon appointed Supervisors Farwell, Kunkler and Abbott, a special committee to prepare resolutions, and, as authorized, the chair appointed Supervisors Roy, Gates, Heyer, Gillerman, Williamson, Farusworth, McMillan and Valleau as a special committee (the Board appointing His Honor Mayor Bartlett as chairman thereof), on behalf of the municipality, to meet and confer with members of the Chamber of Commerce, Grand Army of the Republic, Board of Trade, Produce Exchange and other organizations and citizens as to the proper action to be taken by our citizens in token of respect to the memory of General Grant.

His Honor Mayor Bartlett also addressed various public bodies and organizations announcing the death of our distinguished citizen, and, at his suggestion, executive committees were appointed on behalf of these organizations to consider in what manner the people of San Francisco should testify as to their appreciation of the character and services of the deceased as a tribute of respect to his memory.

On the intelligence being received, the various public and private buildings throughout the city were draped in mourning, evidencing the universal sentiment and feeling that pervaded the community. The various newspapers issued appeared with their columns in mourning, conveying the sad information, with editorial articles on the distinguished services of the deceased, his indomitable energy and high moral character, which are herewith reproduced:

GENERAL GRANT.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle, Thursday, July 23, 1885.]

It is our painful duty to announce the death of General Ulysses S. Grant. For many weeks the public have been expecting this event and the people were prepared for it. It will be none the less a shock to all who appreciate the inestimable value of the services which it fell to the lot of General Grant to render to his country. All will feel that a great patriot, who was without a living peer, has passed away.

We are living too near the time of Grant's great achievements to estimate them at their real merit. It will take time for public opinion to solidify in a durable shape and for his deserts to crystallize into lasting fame. In the picture of the man who was only yesterday among us incongruous features mingle with the broad outlines of what in him was glorious. We think of the ruined banker as well as of the soldier; of the unsuccessful politician as well as the upright patriot. We stand so near the canvas that the lines are mixed. By and by, when it recedes from view, only what is worth remembering will be discerned. We shall forget the blots as men have forgotten Washington's frailties and Lincoln's jokes and the large picture of the man as he was—big-hearted, whole-souled, devoted to his country, working in her service with a single eye to her salvation, without a thought of self, or a taint of envy, or jealousy, or spite, in his nature—will loom up distinctly before the eye.

Twice in his public career the people leaned on him as their fathers leaned on Washing-

ton. Had he been killed in the campaign in the Wilderness many would have despaired of the future. Had he flinched in the long agony when Johnson's perversity well-nigh frittered away the results of the war, gloom would have shrouded many souls. It was the knowledge that that sturdy soldier, insensible to fear, impervious to trickery, was at the front, bent on accomplishing results which encouraged the North to bear up when we lost battle after battle. It was the confidence which his stalwart firmness inspired which strengthened the courage of the wavering when it looked as though past victory was going to be turned into present defeat. Men knew that he was there and that he could neither be browbeaten nor deceived.

He combined three rare qualities—common sense, firmness and unselfishness. He was not a brilliant man—he had not Lincoln's art of compressing a dazzling truth into a few memorable words—but he had the gift of seeing straight to the core of a question and deciding it on broad principles of right and wrong. When he had once decided, his opinion was like a rock. Argument dashed itself to pieces against it, as the waves burst into spray against an iron-bound coast. Of course, being a mere man, he was not always right in his opinions; but whether they were right or wrong he stuck to them and insisted on their acceptance by his subordinates. When a cabinet officer differed from him on a matter of importance, he simply replied: "Well, let us say no more about the matter;" then in a few minutes afterwards he added: "Suppose you write me out your resignation." But when Congress refused to confirm his treaty for the acquisition of Santo Domingo, he acquiesced without a word. His soldierly education had taught him to obey as well as to command.

There is no better study for young men beginning life than the history of the first two years of his service during the Rebellion. Probably no soldier since wars began to be described was ever treated with such injustice as Grant experienced at the hands of Stanton and Halleck. His motives were misinterpreted, his purposes misunderstood, his achievements belittled. He was actually removed from command for winning the battle of Fort Donelson, and was threatened with court-martial for the victory at Shiloh. Yet he never remonstrated or complained, or tried to justify himself, much less retort upon his assailants. He never made the mistake of confounding the work he had to do with the whims of the inferior minds under whose authority he happened to be placed. He trusted to time for his vindication and went on with his duty as cheerfully and as manfully as if he were being cordially supported instead of being thwarted and hampered at every step of his way. Even fifteen years afterward, when he was a mere spectator of events, and in a measure the historian of his own exploits, he had not a word of bitterness for the men who had made him suffer so much. This is the crucial test of manhood.

He was a type of loyalty. He was loyal to his country, loyal to his principles, loyal to his friends. His only serious troubles in life sprang from over-confidence in men he had too lightly learned to trust. He thought no wrong himself, and he could not realize that men who called themselves his friends should do wrong. But whatever they did, if they had been his friends, their hour of peril was not the hour for him to desert them. So it came about that he shared their ignominy and divided their disgrace. With chivalric courage he assumed all responsibility for Belknap and practically stood in the dock beside McDonald. Men like Sumner and Bristow—good men in their way, but one-idea men—could not comprehend his knightly self-sacrifice. They assumed that he must be a partner in the guilt of the scoundrels whom he refused to abandon on the day that justice laid its heavy hand on them. To Sumner's prosaic soul—

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose 'twas to him,
And it was nothing more.

As a soldier, Grant's fame will rest on his practical realization of his objective point and his disregard of everything else to reach that. He discovered sooner than others that the control of the Mississippi depended on the conquest of Vicksburg. Hence his famous flank march in violation of all the laws of war, and in disregard of what he knew beforehand would be the judgment of the shallow intellects at Washington. He achieved his purpose, the Mississippi was secured, and the Washington Cabinet took the credit for the success of strategy which it had neither dictated nor approved. Just so at Richmond. Washington and the North bawled aloud for the occupation of Richmond. Grant knew that his real objective point was not Richmond, but Lee's army. The conquest of Rich-

mond would have availed little if Lee had been permitted to escape with his army so far intact as to be able to resume hostilities. Hence he left the barren glory of capturing Richmond to Godfrey Weitzel, and devoted his own energies, with an impetuosity worthy of Julius Caesar, to the pursuit and annihilation of the army on which the future existence of the Confederacy depended. How well he succeeded history is there to show. He did his work. He accomplished results. Is there any better test of genius?

In private life the late General Grant was worthy of all admiration. Every one has heard the story of the "gobe-mouche" who went whispering to Lincoln that Grant was too fond of whisky, and of Lincoln's happy retort, "If I thought it was whisky that did it I would send a harrel of it to every General in the field." In fact, Grant was an abstemious man. He was not a total abstainer, but no man—in the field or Cabinet—ever saw him under the influence of liquor. He led a domestic life. No women scandals were ever whispered against him. He was passionately fond of his family and his children heartily reciprocated his tenderness. His chief sorrow on his death-bed was the ruin of the sons, who had been partners of Ward. His pet was his daughter, who married an Englishman of family named Sartoris. When the doctors pronounced his case hopeless she flew to his side and remained there to the last, a tender, affectionate nurse. Reporters say that his chief concern during his last days was to conceal from her and from his wife a knowledge of his sufferings.

THE DEATH OF GRANT.

[From the San Francisco Daily Report, Thursday, July 23, 1885.]

General Grant is dead. Twenty years or so ago we could not have spared him, and those four words would have sent a chill of horror and despair through the nation's heart. Now they hut thrill it with grief and with a deep sense of gratitude to the grand man, who met his death as bravely on the fair slopes of Mount McGregor as he faced his fate in the bloody tangle of the Wilderness.

A very noble soul passed away this morning when Grant died—one of the truest and manliest that ever animated human clay and left a bright example on the pages of history, a brave, true, unselfish soul; and the life that its departure closed was without a stain.

As the years pass on, and history is purged of the personal and party considerations that now distort its lines and mar its pages, the memory of Grant, the patriot and soldier, will shine the clearer, until every other star in the crowded firmament of 1860-1885 shall pale its ineffectual fires beside it.

Even Grant's faults were virtues. He was honest to a fault, so honest that he could not conceive of dishonesty in others; he was true to a fault, so true that he could not conceive that any friend would betray him; he was brave to a fault, so brave that he stood by his old friends when they were no longer worthy of his support, and Justice itself demanded their surrender. But with all his mistakes, and with all the treachery and unworthiness of many of those whom he honored with his friendship, no dishonor ever attached itself to Grant; and as he lies dead to-day, and the veil of memory hangs rent in twain, we see how noble and true he was, how patriotic and brave, and what a great man the world has lost.

The whole world will mourn him. He was one of those simple, clear-cut characters in the presence of which the whole world is kin, and the news of the death of Grant will be received with unfeigned sorrow wherever the flag of civilization floats, or there dwells a man who admires patriotism and truth.

It is to the credit of San Francisco that it feels Grant's death deeply, that our citizens experience the sensation of a personal bereavement, and that the whole city and every class in it are preparing to do honor to the memory of, testify their respect for the character of, and show their gratitude for the inestimable services of the hero that has gone.

DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT.

[From the Morning Call, Thursday, July 23, 1885.]

General Grant passed away this morning. His death, for some time past, was daily expected. The dead General and ex-President was the foremost American of his time. He will rank in the history of this country with Washington and Lincoln. In general history

he will take his place among the great Captains—Alexander, Napoleon, Marlborough and Wellington. From the day of Fort Donelson to the hour of his death he never lost hold on the hearts of his countrymen. His life may be said to have been one of startling contrasts. His early military career had been a failure. He had quitted the army in disgust. There was no indication of the great fame which he was subsequently to achieve.

His victories were the first to cheer the patriot heart. In all parts of the field, except where he was operating, there came stories of disaster, and, in some cases, of shame. When he was promoted to the chief military command the whole aspect of the war changed. Then flashed along the wires the thrilling news of tremendous victories in quick succession. General Grant was the central figure in the overthrow of the Rebellion. Other Chiefs there were who won undying fame, but Grant was the soul of the great Union movement. It was his sword that slew the monster, Secession.

His career as President was not as brilliant as that in the field. His strength in the latter was his weakness in civil life. He trusted too implicitly to his friends. But his non-success as a civil administrator was not at all singular. Many of the most prominent Generals in history were not great politicians, and, notably among them, Wellington.

Having served the people twice as President, General Grant retired to private life. Once thereafter he was brought forward as a candidate for a nomination to the Presidency by injudicious friends. But though his hold on the country was never really weakened, a powerful opposition was offered to the violation of a precedent set by the great Washington—namely, that two terms of the Presidency are all that any American shall enjoy. His later life promised to be all that could be desired. He lived in New York in great elegance and luxury, surrounded by a loving family and devoted friends. But all this time a glib-tongued broker, now under indictment for felony, was dissipating his property, and finally almost reduced him to penury. It is hard to read that the smooth rascal, Ferdinand Ward, got away with the conqueror of Lee.

The General acted with his usual firmness in the new crisis which he had to face. It is not improbable, however, that that crisis gave speed to the fatal disease to which at last he succumbed. The nation no sooner realized the pecuniary straits to which the old hero was reduced, than, by the unanimous vote of Congress, he was placed on the retired list, with the rank of General, which would yield him a handsome income. The first act by the new administration was to sign the new commission. The old hero, while his life was slowly ebbing away, regarded the great change before him with his usual undaunted firmness. He kept working away at his memoirs, though the baleful shadow of death had long since fallen upon him.

His private life was beautiful and stainless. No man since Lincoln in our times, and Washington in a former epoch, will be so deeply mourned. The great heart of the nation will go out in deep sympathy to his bereaved family. A mighty oak has fallen. The solemn tolling of the bells and the funeral dirge will be heard all over the world. Even the South will not refuse to join in the general mourning.

GONE TO HIS REST.

[From the Daily Evening Bulletin, Thursday, July 23, 1885.]

A great man has fallen. The greatest General of the last half-century, and altogether the greatest which this country has ever had, has gone to his rest. He went in the prime of his later years and in the fullness of his intellectual powers. It was nine months ago that General Grant walked into the office of a renowned physician to consult him about some ailment of his throat. Probably the physician saw at once what was the matter. He had seen too many cases of that kind to be deceived. A fatal disease had fastened upon General Grant. The country was slow to believe it. Six months ago the patient expressed the opinion that he would not live more than thirty days. But in view of almost immediate death General Grant set about completing his memoirs or record of the chief incidents of the Civil War, in which he became the most conspicuous figure. He began the record when he was in good health, and for the purpose partly of augmenting his pecuniary resources, which had become impaired by unfortunate business complications. For the most part, he has made the record when the hand of death was upon him. He wrote at intervals when he had sufficient strength, knowing well enough that in a short time he would be no more.

section through the gloom, in that the national Congress, as its final and crowning act made record of the people's kind appreciation, and vested the falling hero anew with his title and his treasury. The public heart would not permit a charity, and private dole was beneath the acceptance of one who had awayed his restless accepter. Hence Congress, with unanimous voice, buried all partisan resentments and sent to the suffering chieftain the cheering evidence of a nation's warm confidence and regard. All honor to the noble patriots who frowned down any malevolent personal antipathy and did this act of public justice that the escutcheon of the republic's gratitude might not be tarnished!

There now remains to us but the memory of a career nobly fought, and honors worthily borne. We deplore the loss of a patriotic soldier who did his duty unflinchingly, complained of no hardships, oppressed no subordinate, betrayed no trust, violated no pledge, performed the service allotted to him, and was ever characterized by his patriotism, fidelity, courage and honor. To us who knew him personally, his taking off is as a dear friend, and "lovingly green in our hearts we will keep him, whose banner of war now lies folded in peace."

THE DEAD HERO.

[From the Daily Alta California, Friday, July 24, 1885.]

The death of General Grant, so long anticipated, proved at last to be singularly painless and peaceful. There could hardly be a gentler passage from life into death. The powers of exhausted nature, after being many times rallied with stimulants, at the last hour failed slowly and permitted the dying man, though conscious till the close, to fall into the dreamless sleep without torture of body or mind. While other great soldiers, like Napoleon and Lee, have gone back in their last hours to review their battles in the visions of delirium, Grant was spared this pain, and his last words were those of domestic affection and calm requests for physical comforts. It was a happy deliverance from the terrors of death.

In passing from contemporary into permanent history, the figure of General Grant will lose none of its heroic proportions. The further events recede from our own time the more they tend to group themselves around a few central figures in the drama, and in the war period in the United States Grant and Lincoln will always remain the two commanding personalities. General Grant's career presents those extraordinary alternations of fortune which will make it an attractive subject to the historian seeking to lend his pages a picturesque interest, while with the philosophical writer the attempt to analyze the characteristics of his genius will be no less fascinating. This interest in the life story of the great American soldier will be the more absorbing because he will be to posterity, as he has been to his contemporaries, after the closest study and prolonged speculation, very much of an enigma. It is mainly by comparison that we fix and render definite our conceptions of great men, and in Grant there was a combination of elements so unlike that in any ancient or modern that he remained Sphinx-like to the end. That his character was, as often said, a very simple one, did not render it easier to understand, for simple things are generally in the end the hardest to comprehend.

In the first place, it may be doubted whether any other man with profound talents of any kind was ever so little drawn by inclination, as was Grant, toward the sphere of their exercise. A military life was not his choice, and he does not even seem to have suspected his fitness for it. His appointment as a cadet at West Point, the occurrence which drew all the rest after it, was not of his own seeking; indeed, it was distasteful to him, and it required considerable moral compulsion to induce him to enter upon the life thus opened to him. We have his own words for it, that at the opening of the civil war he had no inkling of the success and high destiny before him. While nine out of ten of the young soldiers who went into the army were dreaming of fame, and imagined themselves fitted by nature for the highest commands, the man who was to emerge with the reputation of the greatest soldier of his age alone stood unconscious of the stirrings of ambition. It is doubtful if there was ever before a great master so absolutely without love for his art, and who accepted his duty so much as a duty instead of a pleasure.

Again, the singular union of profundity and simplicity in Grant's mind was one of the causes of perpetual surprise and mistake regarding him. His mind was neither alert nor acute. It often seemed to be sluggish; but just when his friends became impatient and his

enemies triumphant at the apparent evidence of incapacity, he would astonish both by some proof of singular profundity. This was in the great affairs of life. In common matters he did often display a lack of comprehension, not counterbalanced by subsequent evidence of penetration, that appeared irreconcilable with the possession of genius, or even ordinary judgment. Of this kind of mental mystery, the General's blindness to the character of the rascal Ward will remain a monumental proof. Grant was cast in a mould more ancient than modern. His grand poise and steadfastness, so far removed from the nervous excitability of the modern temperament, likens him to the Greek and Roman demigods, who believed in fate, and awaited its decrees with stoical indifference. But whatever conclusion respecting these and other disputed questions concerning the deceased, historians may come to, the fact is beyond all dispute that one of the greatest Americans who ever lived is now deceased, and that his grateful country will never fail to wear the name of Grant very near her heart.

GRANT IS DEAD.

[From the Examiner, Friday, July 24, 1885.]

The gloom which has filled the country for so many weary weeks has at last deepened into night. A great soldier is gone. Over the tomb of Grant the nation bows its head in mourning. Filling, perhaps, a more conspicuous place in the history of his country than was ever before accorded for so long a time to any public man, the elements of his character were so mixed that he attracted during his period of public service the fiercest resentments and the greatest personal devotion of any of his contemporaries. Without either the commanding talents of our brightest statesmen, or the scientific acquirements which distinguished the great soldiers of the age in which he lived, yet his career as General and President was marked and phenomenal. He commanded the greatest armies ever marshaled on the continent and won the greatest victories of modern times. Hailed as the savior of the Republic, he was made President on a tide of popular favor. Silent, implacable and determined, he administered the Government after his own fashion. He was led by stubborn and blind and overweening faith in some of his counselors, who, while dishonest, had secured his confidence, and the defects of his administration of civil affairs grew out of the extraordinary faith which, in spite of everything, he reposed in the men he had called around him. Yet personally he was patriotic and earnestly devoted to his country. Although there were many scandals connected with some members of his Cabinet, and others of his political household, no one ever supposed that the old soldier was in any way connected with them. The peculiar quality of his mind which led him to put implicit trust in those with whom he was associated and to believe that all men were as honest as he was, made him in later years an easy prey for designing and dishonest rascals, who unscrupulously involved him in disastrous speculations and wrecked his private fortune. His business misfortunes and the complications growing out of the failure of Grant & Ward, undoubtedly hastened his death. The place which Grant occupied in this country will be filled by no other man in this generation. In the presence of the solemn hush which falls over the country as the tidings of his death are sped over the land, the hearts of all will render tribute to the memory of his great achievements, his inflexible virtues and his patriotic devotion to his country in her hour of need. A mighty warrior, a great soldier is dead.

At a meeting of the Board held on Monday evening, July 27, 1885, Supervisor Farwell, Chairman of the Committee, stated that the resolutions had been prepared. Thereupon Supervisor Kunkler of the Committee presented the same, which were read, and on moving their adoption Supervisor Kunkler addressed the Board as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I had not thought, until this afternoon, to give utterance to any remarks upon the death of the illustrious patriot and distinguished General, U. S. Grant, being fully conscious of my incapacity to say anything that could approach what the solemn occasion demands. Indeed, what can be added, to what has been already heralded throughout the civilized world, in honor and due praise of that grand character. The most eloquent in the land have spoken—the most rhetorical and graceful writers have put on paper all that can be written in this age and generation concerning the illustrious deceased.

His eminent and distinguished services have placed him in the front rank of American patriots, in the fullest sense—he belonged to that class of men whom "Scaliger" designates as *homines centarii*—"men that appear upon the earth but once in a century."

His deeds and achievements are duly recorded in the annals of our country, and the memory of his patriotic services will live throughout all time, and will ever be sacredly enshrined in the hearts of the American people.

When elevated to the chief magistracy of the republic he was true and faithful to his great trust. In this exalted and responsible position he brought to his aid his best energies, and an earnest desire to do what he deemed to be for the best interests of his country. His fidelity and honesty of purpose stand unquestioned and unquestionable. His integrity was above suspicion, his motives unimpeachable.

His career was a grand and remarkable one, not unmingled with trials and obstacles, that to the ordinary man would have seemed insurmountable. The trials and obstacles that upon more than one occasion confronted him would have deterred most of men from further pursuance of the project and plan formed. Not so with General Grant; on the contrary, it seemed to only animate him the more in his determination to accomplish the plan mapped out; the most prominent exemplification of which are, the memorable words: "I will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." Firmness and gentleness were so beautifully and so proportionately blended in his nature that the exercise of either or both, as the occasion suggested, commanded the admiration of all. As a soldier, he was bold, decisive and determined, after his conclusions had been formed. His powers of perception as a military man have been universally acknowledged. Another characteristic of the man was, that he was always undesirous of giving any trouble to his friends. His inflexible and devoted friendship, when once formed, was a prominent feature in his character. Many examples of this trait are proverbial facts. Nor was it in his nature to avoid responsibilities. He was always willing to assume them.

Was there ever a man more generous in all the relations of life—more calm under great trials—more sublimely resigned to the inevitable, when approaching, as he well knew, the opening portals that were to admit him to "The undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

What sublime and affectionate solicitude did he not evince at that solemn moment for the feelings of his beloved wife and family? Could anything be more touching and pathetic? What a tender, gentle and sympathetic nature did he there exhibit! And yet, this man, so gentle and submissive in that grand, solemn moment, could, when occasion required, rise to the majestic grandeur of one of the holdest, bravest and most fearless of military leaders that the world has ever produced. He was endowed with a lofty, moral and physical courage.

It was the intimate and harmonious blending of such faculties and traits of character as he possessed, judiciously exercised, which doubtless contributed in no small degree to his marvellous success, and the achievement of those imperishable deeds which have made his name so illustrious in our country's history.

The nation will ever cherish the lines of the poet, so appropriate to the lamented dead:

"But there are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither."

He was beloved by the nation when living; he is sincerely mourned by the nation when dead, and a grateful people condole with his family at their great grief and irretrievable loss.

The Resolutions were then adopted by a unanimous vote to wit:

Resolution No. 18,336. (New Series.)

WHEREAS, the sad intelligence has been announced to the world that the patriot and illustrious General, Ulysses S. Grant, died at 8:10 A. M., July 23, 1885, after a lingering and painful illness; and,

WHEREAS, For the deeds of the departed hero, whether upon the battle field or in the councils of the Nation, as its Chief Magistrate, the Republic must ever hold him and his memory in grateful remembrance; and,

WHEREAS, We as the representatives of the people of San Francisco, in Board of Supervisors assembled, desire to render homage to the memory of one who so patriotically served our common country and who was known to cherish a deep sense of affection for the

people of the Pacific Coast, and appreciating, as we do, his great merit, his unswerving devotion to his country in every capacity and station he was called upon to fill, we desire to add our voice, not only in admiration of his distinguished services, but also to testify our sense of gratitude therefor.

Although the death of General Ulysses S. Grant was not unexpected, the announcement has cast a gloom in our midst and our people are plunged in sorrow and grief.

Intimately connected as his name has been for the past quarter of a century with almost every great national event concerning our country, it is indeed difficult to realize that he has gone from our midst forever.

As a soldier he had no superior; as a Chief Magistrate he was ardent in his desire to do right. In social or public life, no one was more devoted and firmly attached in his friendship. General Ulysses S. Grant was no ordinary man. His inflexible will and determination of character were pre-eminent.

His distinguished services as a soldier and Chief Magistrate are inseparably interwoven with the history of the country. His wisdom and patriotism have made a deep and lasting impression upon the grateful hearts of his countrymen, and his great deeds will ever be sacredly remembered.

Resolved, That the people of San Francisco hereby tender their heartfelt sympathy to the family of the illustrious deceased in their sad bereavement, and join with their countrymen throughout the Republic in bewailing the loss of him who was so near and dear to the hearts of the whole American people.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of General Grant, in token of our respect to his memory and our sympathy and condolence in their irreparable loss.

The various public bodies and organizations, embracing the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, Manufacturers' Association, Produce Exchange, Grand Army of the Republic, San Francisco Stock Exchange, Board of Marine Underwriters, Veterans of the Mexican War, Loyal Legion, Board of Fire Underwriters, Verein Eintracht, Lumbermen's Exchange, Society of Old Friends, Pacific Stock Exchange, Society of True Friends, The Bond and Stock Exchange, Fire Department, Knights of the Golden Eagle, Knights of Honor, Mechanics' Institute, School Department and Board of Supervisors, etc., appointed Committees who together with the Citizens at large at meetings held appointed an Executive Committee to consider as to the proper steps to be taken by the people to testify their appreciation of the life and services of General Grant. The Executive Committee determined to have literary exercises on the day of the funeral and the Grand Army of the Republic in response to many organizations and citizens resolved to further honor the memory of their distinguished commander by also having a memorial parade on the forenoon of the same day.

In pursuance of the action proposed to be taken for a memorial parade the Grand Army of the Republic appointed the following Committee;

Major Walter H. Holmes, Chairman; Col. W. R. Smedberg, Secretary; S. W. Backus, O. B. Culver, C. Mason Kinne, F. Hansen, G. W. Walts, A. T. Eggleston, Horace Wilson, C. R. Thompson, E. S. Salomon, Jno. Clynes, Jerome Deasy, J. D. Byrne, Jos. Hannon, D. M. Cashin, J. C. Tucker and Ed. Carlson.

The parade took place on August 8th, 1885, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic; the order in which the procession was formed and the various organizations participating and the line of march being indicated in the following announcement published as instructions for the information of all organizations, etc., that had signified their intention to, and did unite in the demonstration:

GRANT MEMORIAL PARADE.

The following instructions are published for the information of all organized commands participating in the Memorial Parade in honor and loving memory of the illustrious Dead,

GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

The Divisions, as organized below, will be formed in their respective positions, as indicated on the map furnished to each organization, at 10:30 o'clock A. M., promptly, on Saturday, the 8th inst.

The procession will move at 11 o'clock sharp. All organizations not in their respective places and ready to move, as herein provided, must take position in the rear of the Eighth Division.

The line of march will be from California street to Market, up Market to Van Ness avenue, up Van Ness avenue to Grove street, down Grove to Pavilion, entrance on Grove street.

Organizations not desirous of entering the Pavilion will continue the line of march along Van Ness avenue.

It is requested that all military organizations march in column of platoon front, and civic organizations in columns of fours.

ORDER OF FORMATION AND LINE OF MARCH.

BATTALION OF POLICE.

Second Brigade National Guard California, Colonel John H. Dickinson in command, as escort, will form on California street, right resting on Market street.

Grand Marshal, Major John T. Cutting.

Chief of Staff, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Parnell, U. S. A.

Chief Aid, Captain C. W. Beach.

Aids to Grand Marshal.

Faank J. Symmes,

F. S. Chadbourne,

Arthur R. Briggs,

W. F. Man,

W. B. Wilshire,

W. B. Bancroft,

Frank X. Cicott,

L. L. Dorr,

W. B. Griffiths,

G. H. Fuller,

L. Klau,

Will E. Fisher.

W. J. Mallady,

FIRST DIVISION.

Colonel J. M. Litchfield, Marshal.

Will form on the left of Second Brigade, N. G. C., in the following order:

Rear Admiral E. Y. McCauley and Staff, United States Navy.

The Hon. Charles Denby, United States Minister to China.

The Hon. John Russell Young, ex-United States Minister to China, and other dignitaries.

His Honor the Mayor, Board of Supervisors and Board of Education.

Major-General Walter Turnbull, N. G. C., and Staff.

Officers of the Governor's Staff; retired officers of the National Guard of California.

Mexican Veterans.

Military Order Loyal Legion United States.

Department Commander G. A. R., R. H. Warfield, and Staff.

Officers and National Staff, G. A. R.

Past Department Commanders, G. A. R.

Lincoln Post, G. A. R.

Ex-Confederate Veterans.

George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R.

J. A. Garfield Post, G. A. R.

Colonel Cass Post, G. A. R.

General G. G. Meade Post, G. A. R.

Unorganized Veterans.

SECOND DIVISION

Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Burns, Marshal.

Division will form on Kearny street, north of California, right resting on California street, in the following order:

Battalion United States Navy, Commander Henry Glass, commanding.

California Pioneers.

Territorial Pioneers.

Native Sons of the Golden West.

THIRD DIVISION.

Frank W. Rossbach, Marshal.

Division will form on Montgomery street, north of California, right resting on California street, in the following order:

Eintracht Rifle Section,
German Fusileers.
Verein Eintracht.
Independent Rifles.
Guardia de Juarez.
Inventors' Institute.
Fire Department,

FOURTH DIVISION.

J. K. Wilson, Marshal.

Division will form on Sansome street, north of California street, right resting on California street, in the following order:

Swiss Sharpshooters.
Lincoln Grammar School.
Patriotic Sons of America.
Order United American Mechanics.

FIFTH DIVISION.

George B. Katzenstein, Marshal.

Division will form on Battery street, north of California, right resting on California street, in the following order:

Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias.
Knights of Pythias.
Society of True Friends.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Colonel Chas. E. Travers, Marshal.

Division will form on Front street, north of California, right resting on California street, in the following order:

Knights of Honor, California.
Schuetzen Verein.
St. Mary's Cadets.
Legion No. 2, Select Knights, A. O. U. W.
San Francisco Uniform Degree, Camp 5, I. O. O. F.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

G. H. Stevens, Marshal.

Division will form on Davis street, right resting on California street, in the following order:

Garibaldi Guard.
Bersaglieri Italiani.
Fishermen's Protective Association.
Young American Guard.
Societe Belge.
West Indian Benevolent Society.
Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, America.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

F. E. Hatch, Marshal.

Division will form on Drumm street, right resting on California street, and will consist of unorganized bodies and citizens on foot and citizens in carriages.

It is with sincere regret that the Grand Marshal is unable to comply with the courteous invitation of the Lumber Exchange, to have the line of march extend down Market street to Steuart and do honor to the motive that prompted the erection of a beautiful arch at the junction of Market and Steuart streets, as the line of march is necessarily made short at the request of the Executive Committee, on account of there being a large number of infirm and disabled veterans who will join in the last sad tribute to the memory of their old commander, and who otherwise could not possibly participate in the parade.

Provisions will be made for Disabled Veterans, G. A. R., to ride in carriages, who will report to N. T. Messer, Aid, at Grand Hotel, New Montgomery street, at 10 o'clock A. M.

JOHN T. CUTTING, Grand Marshal.

W. R. PARNELL, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A., Chief of Staff.

The Executive Committee appointed by and to act on behalf of the various associations and public bodies and the citizens, consisting of Hon. Washington Bartlett, Hon. Henry L. Dodge, Col. Stuart Taylor, Irving M. Scott, Esq., Hon. A. J. Bryant, Claus Spreckels, Esq., Jas. B. Stetson, Esq., Capt. W. L. Merry, Capt. Wm. Blanding, Jules Cerf, Esq., Hon. Chas. Clayton, Capt. W. L. Duncan, Hon. W. B. Farwell, P. B. Cornwall, Esq., and Major Walter H. Holmes, Master of Ceremonies, obtained and used the Mechanics' Pavilion, which was heavily draped for the Memorial Exercises, which exercises were held on the afternoon of Saturday, August 8, 1885.

As soon as the information was received by telegraph in this city of the interment of the remains of General U. S. Grant in the vault prepared for their reception at Riverside Park, New York City, the memorial exercises were commenced at the Pavilion, and conducted in the following order:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Voluntary.....By the Band.
2. Prayer.....Rev. Robert Mackenzie.
3. Hymn, "Rock of Ages,".....Chorus and Audience.
4. Scriptural Reading.....Rev. Wm. M. Kincaid.
5. Hymn, "Sleep Thy Last Sleep,".....Chorus.
6. Scriptural Reading.....Rev. R. C. Foute.
7. Prayer.....Rev. T. K. Noble.
8. Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee,".....Chorus and Audience.
9. Address.....Rev. Bishop C. H. Fowler, D. D.
10. Requiem Anthem, "Blessed are the Dead,".....Chorus.
11. Benediction.....Rev. Elkan Cohn, Rabbi.

The following is the eloquent eulogy impressively delivered by the Rev. Bishop C. H. Fowler, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who had been selected to make the address on this occasion by the Committee:

ADDRESS OF REV. BISHOP C. H. FOWLER, D. D.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow-Citizens and Countrymen: Six years ago in September, California, the golden-haired maiden of the setting sun, on behalf of her sister Commonwealths, welcomed through the Golden Gate, from his triumphal march round the world, the greatest living son of the great Republic. Yonder bay swarmed with a fleet, flowering with flags and freighted with freemen; yonder shores puffed and thundered with rejoicing cannon; yonder hillsides and housetops quivered with human faces. Through these streets, covered with flags and shields, a quarter of a million of people crowded, and shouted

their welcome to the hero from Appomattox. From beyond the desert and from beyond the mountains, from all the hills and valleys beneath the stars and stripes, fifty millions of free citizens answered back our shout. California will never forget that Saturday. Fellow-citizens, how changed are our surroundings on this Saturday! Yonder bay is quiet as a midnight in the mountains; yonder cannon sleep like the disciples, as if for sorrow; yonder hillsides and housetops are as barren as the desert. Those streets mourn beneath their sable drapery, and the thousands of our citizens march, with muffled drums and trailing flags, to join the stricken nation at the grave of our hero. Federal and Confederate officers, Northern and Southern cities, Republican and Monarchical Governments, men of all faiths and of all trades, princes and peasants, war-worn veterans and little children, unite in the common sorrow. Badges of mourning are displayed in all the capitals and cities of the world. England's army and navy float the Union jack at half mast. Her muffled drum-beat encircles the globe. By the instinct of her people, her bands forbear their joyous notes and join in the universal dirge, and Westminster Abbey, crowded with the renowned of the Kingdom, rings with eloquent and untinted praise from her great preacher, gladly bestowed upon this modest man, once a "leather-seller of Galena." From all lands, and over all seas, come the throb of sympathy and the sob of sorrow; for General Grant belongs to the race, and the world will be lonesome without him.

We recall with pride that he walked these streets, a fellow-citizen, away back in the early fifties, almost a forty-niner. We remember with grateful hearts that his love for this new land never waned, and that he said, in the directness of his constant candor: "The only promotion that I ever rejoiced in was when I was made Major-General in the Regular Army. I was happy in that, because it made me junior Major-General, and I hoped when the war was over that I could live in California. I had been yearning for the opportunity to return to California, and I saw it in that promotion."

A PLACE CALLED "SKY LAND."

There is a place yonder in our Coast Range called "Sky Land," where, surrounded by clear sunlight, one may look down upon the mists of the Pacific, and see the coast line and the nestling towns and cities. Before us to-day rises another peak, Mt. McGregor. It towers above the cloud line. It pierces the eternal silence. It is clothed with undimmed light. It is crowned with the splendor of spotless purity. It is blessed with perpetual peace. It is hallowed with the Divine footsteps; for there the good man has met his God. Let us ascend that Mount, and, exalted above individual interests, sectional strifes and party prejudices, let us reverently study the great character before us, and be thus enlarged by his greater measurements, steadied by his firmness, strengthened by his integrity, inspired by his patriotism and adorned by his simplicity.

The scaffolding in which this great God-called, God anointed and God-smitten life was built is easily presented. Ulysses S. Grant was born of Jesse Root Grant and Mary Simpson Grant (pious fighting Scotch blood), April 27, 1822; entered the Military Academy at West Point July 1, 1839; graduated July 30, 1843, and was immediately assigned to the Fourth Infantry; entered Mexico as Brevet Second Lieutenant under General Taylor in May, 1846; was in his first battle at Palo Alto May 8, 1846; married to Miss Julia B. Dent August 22, 1848; came to California in 1852; resigned July 31, 1854; experimented for a time for a living as a coal dealer, real estate auctioneer and farmer; returned to his father's home in Galena, Ill., in 1859, where he clerked in a leather store till the firing on Sumter. In April, 1861, he was a clerk in the Governor's office, Springfield, Ill.; was made Colonel of Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers in June, 1861; Brigadier-General July, 1861; Major-General, 1863; Lieutenant-General March 9, 1864; General July 25, 1866; elected President of the United States November, 1868, and November, 1872; went around the world in 1877-79. At 8:10 o'clock, Eastern time, July 23, 1885, he received his supreme promotion.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground,
His silent tent is spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

This rude scaffolding contains a most majestic and magnificent structure. It is too new, and we are too near it to give it a just and generous award. The stone-cutters in the Parthenon were blinded by the dust of the chiselling, so they could not comprehend the

symmetrical and imposing temple that had alighted from the brain of Ictinus upon the hills of Athens. But all the centuries since have seen it. So we are blinded by the dust from the little blocks at which we have been chiseling. We can poorly appreciate the symmetry and magnificence of the structure which has been builded in our midst and before our eyes.

ACHIEVEMENTS RECOUNTED.

We must, this day, recount some of his achievements. Look at the adversary against whom we sent him into the arena. Four months after the firing on Sumter, the Southern Confederacy seemed as firmly established as if it had stood four centuries. It had more territory than any State in Europe, save Russia; larger than the empire of Napoleon at its best; with a fertile soil, filling the marts of the world with products which the world must have; with thousands of miles of water-front where all the fleets of the earth could anchor; with vast mountain ranges with their impenetrable fastnesses; with marshes and bayous that could swallow all the armies of strangers that might venture into them; with vast regions more wild and difficult of access than was Gaul to the legions of Caesar; with a brave and warlike people born of the conquering race, counted by millions; with leaders of great ability, and renown, and confidence; with munitions of war the most perfect and abundant; with a resistance against the Federal forces that had been nourished and strengthened for three generations; with millions of obedient and devoted slaves, who had supported the people in luxury for a century, and could support them in the frugalities of camp life for ten centuries; with out-spoken friends in every Court and Cabinet of Europe; more important still, with a great host of friends who had done the bidding of the South for years, in every State and community of the North—the Confederacy, thus planted, manned, armed, equipped, lead, inspired and encouraged, rose at once as a mighty nation into the midst of all the nations of the earth. It was the most widely extended, most numerously accepted, most thoroughly organized, most solidly compacted, most ably officered, most lavishly enriched, most intelligently defended and most terribly purposed Rebellion known to history. Against this colossal power, crouching among the jungles of the South, fattening on the poisonous exhalations of a hostile climate, and under the burning edge of a tropical sun, we sent forth our Captain from the leather store of Galena, into a struggle that could be ended not by any possible treaty, but only by the utter destruction of the enemy.

FROM PADUCAH TO APPOMATTOX.

In four years he marched from Paducah to Appomattox, threading every river and brooklet, wading every bayou and marsh, scaling every mountain and hillock, walking every beach and landing, seizing every harbor and inlet, sinking every iron-clad and gun-boat, taking every city and hamlet, conquering every army and legion, capturing every officer and soldier, utterly annihilating the colossal structure of the Confederacy, till the amazed nations of the earth wondered at the nightmare that had held them, and hastened to make peace with the chieftain who had disappointed their hopes.

Every step of this man's long march for the rescue of the Republic is worth most careful study. But in the brief time proper for this service, only a few things may be recalled and revived. Paducah, his first engagement against the Rebellion, showed the presence of the great General as certainly as did Mission Ridge. Quickly done, even before authority reached him from Fremont, it opened the Ohio river and quieted the talk about neutrality in Kentucky, and furnished Grant's first important public document, in which he distinguished between acts and ideas, soldiers and citizens.

FIRST CLEAR VICTORY.

Donelson, which Grant called "our first clear victory," marked a new era in the issue between the North and the South. It transformed the strife from a parade into a war. It demonstrated the ability of raw Western volunteers to endure and win, under any circumstances, when properly led. It sent North thousands of prisoners, more than had ever been taken at once in any field since the surrender of Ulm to Bonaparte. It broke the strategical line of defense of the sacred soil of the South. Immediately Bowling Green was abandoned. Nashville surrendered without a blow. Impregnable Columbus, which held the Mississippi and threatened the Ohio, was deserted, Missouri was secured, Kentucky

was practically free from invaders, and Tennessee was restored to the Union. Well might this battle, where we learned about "unconditional surrender," give new spirit to the army and the country, and turn all eyes upon the silent soldier whose form and face will never be forgotten.

THE GIBRALTAR OF AMERICA.

Vicksburg was called by Jefferson Davis "The Gibraltar of America." It is situated on a plateau 250 feet high, surrounded by ravines and marshes and the Mississippi river. The strategic campaign of the war was for its capture. The dark days of the war were from January 2, 1863, after the repulse of Sherman on the Yazoo, to July 4, 1863, when Vicksburg surrendered. These were the days that taxed the faith of public men and the patriotism of private citizens. These were the days when Grant's supreme military genius and magnificent qualities of character were displayed. The campaign was designed to dismember the Confederacy, and open the Mississippi for national uses. It must be done before the end could be reached. Done, the end must follow. Grant set himself about it in the one campaign which he afterward, in the quiet review of more perfect knowledge, pronounced "the campaign which I do not see how to improve."

In the first eighteen days of May, 1863, Grant, pushing toward Vicksburg, won five important battles, took 40 field-guns and nearly 5,000 prisoners, killed and wounded 5,200 of the enemy, separated the Southern armies aggregating 60,000, captured one fortified capital city, destroyed the railroads and bridges, and made the investment of Vicksburg complete, and sat down to reduce the stronghold by siege. This taxed him more than anything he had yet done. The tide was running toward the Confederacy. Grant and Sherman, with their invincible Western fighters, had been checked and foiled. The Army of the Potomac was continuing its defeats and its experiments in commanders. Ohio and Pennsylvania were terror-stricken at the advance of Bragg toward Louisville.

THE-PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE PARTY.

The Confederate armies were advancing everywhere. The peace-at-any-price party in the North were gaining victories in the elections. European writers pronounced the Union destroyed and mankind relieved from a dangerous republic. France stretched forth a helping hand to Monarchical ambition in Mexico. England was growing rich in building hostile ironclads and in blockade-running and in buying Confederate bonds. Ambassadors from Richmond scorned and intrigued against our representatives in every court of Europe. Confusion prevailed in Washington. The Government was unpopular. The North was divided. The National credit was nearly gone, gold reaching almost 300. The tropical sun was marching up from the South to re-enforce the Confederate armies. Surely these were weighty reasons for the speedy capture of Vicksburg. No mortal can measure the pressure on Grant as he bent his energies to the task in hand. Pemberton, with his brave warriors inside this Gibraltar, menaced him in front. The wise and skillful Johnston, with an increasing host 40,000 strong, threatened his rear. Entrenched on both sides against two powerful armies, far away from his friends, in the heart of the enemy's country, he went patiently about the work. Night and day the operations of the siege were pushed. Parallels and trenches were opened at every available point; batteries were planted; heavy guns from the fleet were borrowed and mounted on land duty; roads were made; siege materials were prepared; mines were sunk, and towers for sharpshooters were built.

LINES OF SHELTERED STEEL.

Across the gulches, and through the ravines, and around the hillsides, and up to the very walls, day by day, and night by night, the encircling lines of sheltered steel and fire made their remorseless way. Pressed by the awful gravity of the situation, slandered and maligned by open and concealed foes in the North, distrusted by nearly all in Washington, save Lincoln and Stanton, this silent, unwavering man pushed his way up to the very gates of Vicksburg, and on July 4, 1863, pushed them open, never again to be closed against the stars and stripes. This campaign, exhausting all the inventions and appliances of the most perfect war science, had had no equal since the campaign of Hannibal against Rome, and, standing alone, would stamp its author as a military genius of the highest order.

It was in acknowledgment of "the almost inestimable services done" by Grant for "the country" in this campaign, that Lincoln wrote that famous letter, which did such

my political life. Suppose I deny their falsehoods, it will not take long to find witnesses to swear to them. Then the case apparently goes to the public on the evidence. No; I do not fear falsehoods."

SIMPLE, SILENT, PLAIN.

Nothing has more surprised the nation and the world in this simple, silent, plain man than his wondrous speeches and productions. He proves to be a most delightful, instructive and fascinating conversationalist. He meets every occasion, all the world round, with exactly the right speech and the appropriate action. Smally of the Tribune says: "I never heard a more perfect speech of its kind than his Guildhall speech." He speaks everywhere, yet seldom repeats himself. His style is terse, clear, and in the best English.

His letters to his subordinate commanders are models of simplicity and clearness. There are no places for questions. No man of our time, not even President Lincoln, has coined so many ringing sentences, that must pass current as long as the English language is spoken. Who can forget his reply to Gen. Buckner at Donelson: "No terms other than unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works"; his telegram to Stanton from Spottsylvania, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." His telegram while President, to an officer in New Orleans who was reporting in detail every order he gave, rings like the old orders—"Put down the Rebellion and report afterward." We remember his statement during one of his visits to the South, when the colored people crowded to see him, and wanted to touch him. The guards kept them back. Grant said: "Let them come; where I am they can come. We shall not forget the benediction at the end of his inaugural, 'Let us have peace.'"

If the accurate apprehension of the entire case, a clear conception of the course to be pursued, and a wise adjustment of means for the ends to be reached; if the forming the most comprehensible and far-reaching plans, the combination of varied campaigns in one majestic system, the selection of exactly the right men for each subordinate place, the accurate determination of what might be done by each army and division in a given time so as to bring them to a common point at a given moment; if the control of the largest armies the world ever saw, the fighting of the greatest number of great battles without a single defeat, the conquering of the greatest hosts of the best fighting race known to history, the taking of the greatest number of prisoners ever taken in a single war, marching armies through a hostile country farther than Napoleon marched going to Moscow, and farther than Hannibal marched in coming into Italy; if the patient and uncomplaining endurance of the most malicious misrepresentations, without being turned aside one moment from the great work intrusted to him, nor from the most generous magnanimity even toward maligners, where the requirements of the public service would permit, walking on in sublime and silent solitude, unmindful alike of pestering assaults and Parthian arrows; if to write orders and reports aggregating volumes, under all the disadvantages of camp-life and in all the weariness of marches, sieges and battles, and to produce contributions to current literature and volumes of standard and permanent history, and put them into the purest and best English, with the simplest and clearest construction, destined to a place among the classics of the language; if to speak to the most varied audiences of peasants, farmers, merchants, bankers, statesmen, cabinets, monarchs, all the world round, always showing an accurate knowledge of the subject in hand, and perfect mastery of the situation, winning golden laurels in all fields; if these unprecedented achievements, wrought with the steadiest hand and most unchanging countenance ever seen in public affairs, never doubting before the greatest difficulties, never shrinking under the heaviest burdens, never fearing in the midst of the greatest perils, never exulting over the greatest triumphs, never being elated by the greatest glory, never flinching under the most intense suffering, remaining always the same simple, quiet, reposeful man, if, according to God's standard—judged by "deeds done in the body"—these things are to be estimated in the measure of greatness, then we are compelled to acknowledge that we are in the presence of the greatest military genius of all time, and one of the very few greatest characters of all ages.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GRANT.

It is difficult to analyze the character of General Grant, because it is so simple and so complete. It is like a sphere approached from any side; it seems always to project farthest

words at you. Try to divide, and each section is like all the rest. Cut through it, and it is all the way through alike. We can only catalogue his distinguishing characteristics. His leading characteristic in mind is practical reason; in will, firmness; in moral nature, integrity; in religious nature, loyalty to duty; in emotional nature, love of family, fidelity to friends, and sympathy with humanity; in faith, New Testament Christianity; in manner, simplicity; in bearing, dignity; in scholarship, a master of English and of his calling; in achievement, a military genius; in the abiding motives for action, patriotism; in poise, absolute courage; in general make-up, preternatural endurance, and in all things, a man! "The elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man!'" Ay, and such a man, that, "taken all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

One must think of "integrity" whenever Grant's name is mentioned. It is the foundation of his great nature. Even in his campaigns, you search in vain for anything to start the question whether it is ever right to deceive? He went South to destroy and wipe out from the face of the earth the Southern Confederacy, and he went straight at it. He did not even like strategy. It was repugnant to his genuineness. He said to General Meigs: "I do not believe in strategy, in the popular understanding of the term. I use it to get up just as close to the enemy as possible with as little loss as possible. Then it is 'Up, guards, and at them.'" When he did not wish to tell anything, he did not tell something else; he simply kept silent.

THE INFLATION BILL.

He said, late in life, that he never tried but once in his life to do an expedient thing, for the sake of party, against his judgment. That was concerning the Inflation bill. He wrote a message trying to satisfy himself that it was right to sign it, and so save the Republican party in the West. All his Western friends were urgent, but he could not satisfy his convictions; so he wrote another message vetoing the bill. This absolute integrity, absolute honesty, absolute loyalty to the convictions of duty, cannot be over-emphasized among us. Show me a man with this loyalty to truth, and I will show you the highest type of man. He is certain to become a Christian man in the substantial and only abiding sense of the word. "There is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Loyalty to this light finds always that it grows brighter and brighter, even unto the perfect day.

I know of no sublimer picture than that of General Grant, advanced in years, having been betrayed by friends, handing over his fortune and his home, with the treasures and gifts of a grateful world, to a man who could not possibly need them, simply because it was honest; taking on his arm his wife, and walking with her again down into poverty, and there sitting down with a bandage about his aching head, and a horrible and mortal disease clutching his throat, patiently, uncomplainingly, with his pen, earning daily bread for his family. My heart feels a great ache when I look at him who had saved us all when we were bankrupt in treasure and in leaders, and see him thus beset by woes and wants. But I am reconciled to this strange Providence, when I see the "Form of the Fourth" in the furnace, and see that he has added to all his other gifts to us and our children this magnificent example of honesty and his "memoirs." History furnishes no sublimer picture. General Grant was the truest man we ever saw.

FIGHTING SCOTCH BLOOD.

Grant embodied firmness. He could not be other than firm with his clear convictions of duty, and with his stout, fighting Scotch blood, which had been marching for five hundred years under the old clan motto: "Stand fast; stand firm; stand sure." These old Scotch chiefs asserted themselves whenever Ulysses got into the thick of the battle, and the crisis threatened to turn the wrong way. Then he was more resolute and unwavering than ever. It gave supreme quietness to his courage. He could stand in the face of the most terrible storm of death and never show the slightest concern. There are only three characters known to history who were absolute strangers to fear. They are Lord Nelson, John Brown and General Grant.

This firmness, guided by his intelligence, made him self-reliant. This is essential to manhood. No man ever is very strong who is not self-poised. At Belmont, when an officer in alarm ran to him, saying, "General, we are surrounded," he reassured all by saying,

"Then we can cut our way out as we cut our way in." After Belmont, though an unknown Brigadier, he telegraphed to Halleck: "With permission, I will take and hold Fort Henry." After tardy permission came, he telegraphed to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours. I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th."

After the battle of Five Forks, Grant, wrapped in his blue overcoat, sat out in front of his tent, awaiting news from Sheridan. Two or three staff officers sat with him in the wet woods. Presently a messenger from Sheridan said, "Five Forks is won!" Grant listened, went alone into his tent, wrote an order, sent away an orderly, and, coming out, remarked quietly: "I have ordered an attack all along the line." His whole career is full of these displays of his greatness. After Corinth, Buell criticised him for fighting with the Tennessee River behind him. He said, "You could not retreat." Grant said, "We did not want to retreat." "But your plans might have failed, and you had transportation for only 10,000 of your 40,000 men." Grant replied, "By the time we would have retreated the transports would have carried all there would have been left of us."

AFTER SHILOH.

It is refreshing to study this man's patriotism. He offered his services to the Government in Springfield over and over again, only to have them refused. At last he was granted a place at a clerk's desk and rejoiced that he was doing something for the defense of the country. After Shiloh he was stripped of all command, and practically put under arrest. Yet he did what he could to aid his superiors. After he was again restored to the service, he wrote to General Halleck: "I will again assume command, and give every effort to the success of the cause. Under the worst circumstances I would do the same." His soul burned with unabating zeal for the country. When starting on his journey around the world, he said: "I believe firmly that if our country ever comes into trial again young men will spring up equal to the occasion, and if one fail there will be another to take his place." Again he said: "If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of one man, we should not have a country. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and their fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country."

THE COMMON SOLDIER.

No man more clearly than General Grant saw the one supreme figure of the war—the common soldier. He has dedicated his "Memoirs" to the "American soldier and sailor." As we look upon the luminous history of this struggle, the first form that comes out of the smoke of battle and arises in the chariot of fire before our weeping eyes is that supreme patriot—the common soldier—who at the first tap of the war drum, sprang from the couch of his ease and the home of his comfort, armed amid the gathering darkness of impending peril, took a hasty farewell of wife and loved ones, and went forth to hunt for masked batteries in the darkness, and to die, if need be, rather than survive his imperiled liberties; who actually bared his bosom to storms of iron and rows of glistening steel; who did press over the breastworks, and rush across slippery fields, and stand mute under hostile guns; who did actually stand in Death's highway that the Republic might be saved. We do see first of all, and in the impartial judgment of infinite equity, ABOVE all, the supreme patriot of the war—the COMMON SOLDIER. Honor to whom honor is due. Grant said: "The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the result of the war as those who were in command."

The luster of this great man is increased by his LOVE OF PEACE. He said in Guildhall: "Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and have never advocated it except as a means of peace." He said to the Peace Society in Birmingham: "It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other General on the other side of the Atlantic, but there never was a time during my command when I would not have gladly chosen some settlement by reason rather than by the sword." Listen to his words to Bismarck: "The truth is, I am more of a farmer than a soldier; I take little interest in military affairs, and although I entered the army thirty-five years ago, and have been in two wars, I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure." I remember how he emphasized his satisfaction over the Treaty of Washington, by which the Alabama claims were settled without a war. He said to me: "I regard that as the first of a long series to follow which will ultimately supersede war."

England and the United States are so far advanced that such settlements are possible. Soon Germany will join in this policy. When two or three more nations come up to this level, they will not allow the other nations to go to war." How simple he made the way appear for the coming of that time when wars shall be no more.

A GENTLE NATURE.

There is no side of this wonderful character that does not charm us as we study it. Through all the changes of his most eventful life he remained the same simple, modest, tender, sympathetic man. He was too great to waste his strength in ostentation. His gentle nature was drawn to little children, and they ran after him in our streets and clung to him in our homes. He was as magnanimous as he was great. When necessary, he ordered Sheridan to "lay waste the Valley of Virginia," and he treated the problem of the war as a question of killing so many of the enemy. Yet we see him writing to Lee, beseeching him to save the armies from further slaughter. And we see him giving terms to the vanquished that captivated the captured and amazed the world. Only the other day he directed his publishers to put Rosecrans' picture into his book, saying: "I will not allow any personal feelings to enter into such a matter." To-day, as the Union and Confederate soldiers mingle their tears over his bier and recall his greatness, there comes up one voice from the sunny South, that vast battle-field, saying: "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

It hardly seems necessary to proclaim General Grant a Christian. It goes without saying after such a life as his—so quiet, so gentle, so just, so full of integrity, so rich in Christian faith and in saving work. Those who knew him most intimately never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. Sweet water does not flow from a bitter fountain. He was a regular attendant upon church. He told Senator Stanford that he never had a doubt of the immortality of the soul. He was a firm believer in Divine Providence. He said to Mr. Lincoln, in the presence of his Cabinet, when he received his appointment as Lieutenant-General, speaking of the performance of his duties: "And I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men." When he was Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, he gave all the aid possible to secure the uniform observance of religious services.

A BLESSING AT THE TABLE.

As his mess gathered around the table, he said: "Chaplain, when I was at home and ministers were stopping at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose a blessing is as much needed here as at home, and if it is agreeable with your views, I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat." You all remember those simple words written on a card the other day, when he could not use his voice, and handed to a Catholic priest who called upon him, expressing the strongest faith in all the denominations based upon the Scripture, of the Old and New Testaments, and gratitude for the prayers of all Christians.

A tender and touching word to his son, Colonel Fred. Grant, comes to us out of his fatherly heart, showing what estimate he placed upon right living. He says: "I had rather see you suffer as I suffer now than see you abandoned to any vice." We are fully prepared to read his words to Dr. Douglas about his willingness and readiness to go hence:

READY TO OBEY WITHOUT A MURMUR.

"If it is in God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey without a murmur. I should prefer to go now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful and in a much greater degree, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which has so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear kind expressions toward me, in person, from all parts of our country from people of all nationalities, all religions and no religions, of Confederate and National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure. So, to you and your colleagues, I acknowl-

edge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things."

July 16th: * * * "After all that [signs of improvement], however, the disease is still there, and must prove fatal in the end. My life is precious, of course, to my family, and should be to me if I could recover entirely. There never was one more willing to go than I. I know most people have first one and then another little thing to fix up, and never get quite through. This was partially my case. I first wanted so many days to work on my book, so the authorship would be clearly mine. It was graciously granted me, after being apparently much lower than I have been since, and with a capacity to do more work than I ever did in the same time. My book had been done so hastily that much of it was left out, and I did it all over from the crossing of the James River, in 1864, to Appomattox, in 1865. Since that I have added as much as fifty pages to the book, I should think. There is nothing more to do, and, therefore, I am not likely to be more ready to go than I am at this moment."

HOLD FAST TO THE BIBLE.

As President, in 1876, he wrote to some Sunday School children in Philadelphia: "My advice to Sunday Schools, no matter what their denomination, is: Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor to your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this Book are we indebted for all progress made in our true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future. 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'"

A few weeks ago, April 18th, he said to his pastor, Dr. Newman: "I believe in the Holy Scriptures, and whoever believes their teachings will be benefited thereby." Dr. Newman asked him what his supreme thought was when all thought him dying, and he said: "The comfort from the consciousness that I have tried to live a good and honorable life." And among his last utterances he said: "I pray that we may all meet in a better world." This carries us up to the border of the unseen country. The great, calm, resolute, upright soul marches peacefully into the unknown, and stands wondering and adoring in the Eternal Presence. The light of gladness rests lights up the war-worn features. And we, with all the civilized families of man, stand, in tearful and sobbing silence, with the bereaved family, around the deserted camp of the old warrior.

GRANT'S LAST LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

Unexpectedly, as his habit was in his great engagements, the works of the last enemy are flanked, and we have a communication to his wife, so sweet and tender that we forget the soldier, and our sorrowing hearts cling to the husband and father, as his letter to his wife comes back to us:

"Look after our dear children, and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more that one of them would depart from an honorable, upright and virtuous life than it would to know that they were prostrated on a bed of sickness, from which they were never to arise alive. They have never given any cause for alarm on this account, and I earnestly pray that they never will. With these few injunctions, and the knowledge I have of your love and affection, I bid you a final farewell until we meet in another and I trust, better world. You will find this on my person after my demise."

He approached death like a philosopher. Socrates, with the hemlock in his hand, was not more thoughtful. He entered into the last struggle like a warrior. Leonidas at Thermopylae was not more determined. He triumphed like a Christian. Irenaeus at the stake was not more confident. Sure of his rest in the skies, let us take one glance at his place in human history. I turn to the past. It is full of warriors. But among them all I see no Grant. I do see Napoleon, "grand, gloomy and peculiar, a sceptered hermit," yet over his field of glory, and over his throne I read, "selfish ambition." I see great Caesar, of majestic stature, but beneath his feet is the dying Roman Republic, and on his sword I read, "Merciless Despotism." I see far back on the summit of the Alps stout old Hannibal, but the dusky warriors that obeyed his command were marauders, living on spoils; and the spirit that spurred him to deeds of historical splendor was merciless and revengeful hatred.

A RULER WHO HEALED THE WOUND.

But here stands Grant, on the summit of his unprecedented deeds, in the solitude of his exalted character, rooted and grounded in the "arduous greatness of things achieved"—a soldier, who conquered a great people, and ennobled them by the moderation with which he used his victory; a ruler who healed the wound in the breast of the nation, and made its people one, by the impartiality of his Administration; a citizen, who walked fame's most illustrious heights with such unaffected simplicity that the humblest citizen is drawn up to nobleness by the magnetism of his example; a patriot, who wrought for freedom with such exalted devotion that even the vanquished rejoice in his triumph. There he stands, with Washington and Lincoln, on the dome of three centuries, loved by his countrymen, honored by mankind, and to be remembered and emulated till the latest generation.

Friends, countrymen, brothers from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, and from all lands under the stars, let us cling, let us cling to the memory of Grant till it warms us and melts us and molds us into oneness forever.

RESOLUTION CALLING FOR MUNICIPAL REPORTS.

RESOLUTION NO. 18,187 (NEW SERIES).

RESOLVED, That the heads of the following departments be and are hereby required to report to this Board on or before the 15th day of July, 1885, the condition of their respective departments during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, embracing all their operations, receipts and expenditures:

Auditor,	Industrial School,
Assessor,	Police,
Tax Collector,	Coroner,
County Clerk,	Public Administrator,
Streets,	Health Officer,
Fire Department,	Justices' Court,
Hospital,	Law Library,
Alms-house,	City Hall Commissioners,
Park Commissioners,	Home for the Care of the Inebriate,
Treasurer,	Board of Election Commissioners,
Sheriff,	Registrar,
County Recorder,	House of Correction,
City and County Surveyor,	City Physician,
License Collector,	City Cemetery,
Common Schools,	Free Public Library,
Fire Alarm and Police Telegraph,	Gas Inspector,
Board of Health,	District Attorney,
Poundkeeper,	Special Counsel,
City and County Attorney,	Special Counsel for Collection of Delinquent Taxes

And that said Reports be published in a volume, in accordance with the requirements of Section 73 of the Consolidation Act. The Clerk of this Board is hereby instructed to send a copy of this resolution to the head of each of the enumerated departments.

In Board of Supervisors, San Francisco, June 1, 1885.

Adopted by the following vote:

Ayes — Supervisors Gates, Roy, Kunkler, Abbott, Farwell, Pond, Williamson, Farnsworth, Heyer, Gilleran, McMillan, Valleau.

JNO. A. RUSSELL, Clerk.

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